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CHASE WAIT MATTER. PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1914.

Time for Councils to Act TAST NGHT Director Taylor went further It than he had yet gone in his campaign of education on the rapid transit system. He demanded immediate action, practically isnoring the Union Traction Company, and pointing out the entire feasibility of the city going ahead whether the plans for operating the new lines when completed have been agreed upon or not.

It is time for City Councils to take action definitely to establish the routes and submit them to the Public Service Commission for its approval. The entire program calls for an annual fixed charge of only \$2,990,000. which includes not only interest charges, but a sinking fund also, which will in 30 years extinguish the debt entirely and leave the city in absolute ownership of the magnificent enterprise.

To offset this charge, there will be a tangible annual return to the city of \$4,300,000, resulting from increased realty values, saving in time, elimination of exchange tickets and the subsidy granted to Philadelphia by the one mill tax on personal property by the State.

It will be foolish in these circumstances to wait indefinitely for the Union Traction Company to say whether or not it wishes to participate in this splendid municipal program. It is involved to the extent of a relatively small sum only-too small an amount to tie up the plans and future of Philadelphia. It has been offered remarkably favorable terms, although the city has always held the whiphand. If it cannot see this, so much the worse for the company. But it cannot hold this great city back and prevent the achievement of proper transit facilities.

Councils should walt no longer. The time is ripe for action. The \$500,000 recently voted for the relocation of sewers should be made available, the plans in general indorsed and arrangements made for an election in which the citizens can record their practically unanimous approval of the enterprise.

### Rumor in Hyberbole

MR. BRYAN will not resign. It is re-markable that snybody ever thought he would. As well expect the Atlantic to roll back from the American beach into the confines of the Mediterranean. For Mr. Bryan, diplomat maximus and peace-lover par excellence, "stands with his arbitration treaties in one hand and a dove in the other and both feet on the neck of Mars."

Thence move him not, even by rumor, lest the dogs of war, unwatched, sneak into the capital by night and devastate all things. We have a champion of peace and we are going to keep him until skating becomes the principal mode of travel in the regions of Mephistopheles. He is cemented to the job and nothing less than an election to the Presidency will pry him loose-unless, of course, Doctor Brumbaugh or Mr. Borah or some other person hostile to platitudinarianism is put in charge of Upcle Sam's stables.

A Legal Discovery Late in the Day PTHIS seems a ridiculously late day for dis-Lovering that a wife has a legal right to presents given her by her husband. But it has taken the year of our Lord 1914 to bring that decision out of the Supreme Court of Missouri. A few little evidences like this of the legal subjection of woman do a lot toward bringing the day when the ballot will give Ver rights instead of privileges and disabili-

Evidences of Immortality

ITHAT there is a continuance of conscious I life after the death of the body has been almost a universal belief. Primitive tribes that appeared to have no other definite artiele of faith had an instinct for immortality. It has always seemed impossible that the qualities of the soul should perish because the physical functions ceased. But whenever men have tried to prove that not all dies they have found little or nothing to offer. There In the invaterate belief, but that is all.

Now one of the greatest living scientists eays that he has the proof; he has talked to friends who have died; they have understood him and he has understood them. Sir Oliver Lodge in world famous for his ploneer work in physics and electricity. He claims that he evidence of immortality that he possesses will stand the most severe tests to which se entists can put it.

Certainly if a trained mind like that of Sir Offiver Lodge is satisfied of the reality of his intercourse with the other world the ordi mary man should feel that his cherished faith is strengthened. It is to be hoped that when the results of the distinguished scientist's avastigations are published they will be of h a nature that they will make it possible for every one to get first-hand proof for himself. Multitudes new are willing to believe, but they will rejoice to know.

War Is Insanity NE authority has set the toll of the European war at 5,000,000 casualties in 15 realis. Granted that the number is a guess and also an exaggeration, the price in hucan life must be so high that it will handleap be productive capacity of the several nations two or three generations

The real cost of war is not financial. Money peat in armements and ammunition is still doney distributed; if some one spends it me and thust get it. And the waste can be what But nothing can ever bring back to sarning power that Is lost when the vigon purpos mun of a nation are siain or

months are dragged down into poverty; | monething about which to be truly thankful.

natural resources are left undeveloped and raw material unused; the drop in population caused by incapacitating a million men reatricts every market; taxes fall heaviest just when the people are least able to bear them. War is industrial and social insanity, and no one can yet estimate how much civilization must pay for the present carnage,

Up to the Commission

THIS afternoon at the Garrick Theatre the A representatives of 200 business organizations lead a meeting of protest against the proposed increase in commutation rates.

It is unfortunate that the Public Service Commission, the one instromentality through which the people can obtain redress, is so limited in authority that it is powerless to apply a remedy until a full hearing of the case on its merits has been held. The law is painfully lax in this particular. The commission obviously should have the right to suspend the proposed rates. It is the rallroads that must prove the necessity for the increases. The assumption is that they are without justification, for there has been no radical change in conditions which seems to warrant so revolutionary a revision of rates.

In the exigency, it behooves the commuters to urge the commission to give them an immediate hearing. The commission itself must remedy the defect in the law by adjudicating the case in record time and thus giving almost as immediate relief as would have followed a suspension of the new tariffs. Every effort of the complainants, therefore. should be directed toward bringing the commission to this point of view. The commission, in fact, by prompt action can justify its efficiency as an instrument of government.

It is unfortunate that the railroads, at the very moment when public sentiment was becoming fixed in their favor and against further baiting, should so boldly challenge opposition and enter on a program which is certain greatly to impair the good feeling existing. They are likely to lose more from it than they can possibly gain, even if the proper authorities acquiesce in the imposition of the new rates.

Knocking Progress Into a Cocked Hat MR. PERKINS, who was an influential Bull Moose when the Bull Moose party was influential, is quite sure that much of the business trouble of the day is due to the fact that our statesmen learned economics when oxcarts were hauling most of the country's produce. Invention has made that sort of economics a back number, but our legislators have failed to grasp so elementary a fact.

Mr. Perkins is right, of course. There are men talking solemnly about restoring competition by statute or limiting this and that business, as if the whole trend of human development had not been the achievement of the very things they are endeavoring to outlaw-and are outlawing in too many in-

A business is not moral because it is little or big, but it is big or little according as it is moral. There are men who have done big things and will do big things no matter what captious little men say or think. It was an awful thing, no doubt, that the electric light contracted the market of kerosene lamp manufacturers, but who would put Mr. Edison in jail on account of his invention? The ingenuity of man has played havoc with the disorderly and wasteful processes of our forefathers, but we have politicians who harp on the good old days, and succeed too often in deluding otherwise intelligent citizens into believing that things were better when they were not one-fourth so good. The improvement our ancestors strove to secure, we have, and we seem to be quite amazed that it does not burn our fingers.

It is a passing phase. Within another ten years we shall know enough to appreciate the good things we possess instead of trying by legislation to knock them into cocked hats.

## Over the Brow of the Hill

THE South Chicago Converting Mill put 1 2000 new men to work yesterday. Of all good news that is best. Prosperity is returning. Each day brings a report from some part of the country that we are striding forward to our normal output. Tomorrow's news will be better than yesterday's. Confidence increases confidence and optimism is contagious. We shall soon forget the dreary days as we do a horrible dream in the sunlight of a new morning.

## Director Harte on Willie's Side

N THE old days, a sore throat was the metaphoric battlefield. On one side ranged boys and girls with an aversion to "teacher" on the other, mother and the school board. Many a carefully nursed "cold" was encouraged by injudicious exposure at open windows up to the point where drastic medical treatment threatened to step in and stop the fun of "stayin' home from school."

But that is all over now. Even public officials-let alone doctors-are lined up with Willie and Mary. If your child has a sore throat or a hoarse voice, says Director Harte. don't send him to school until the doctor has made sure it isn't incipient diphtheria.

This is good advice, just the sort of thing a Department of Public Health should be doing for a city. But that won't prevent Willie from suspecting the Director of bidding for his vote in some future candidacy.

November is just one clear day after

another-so far. Probably those Austrian guns were dubbed "Jack Johnsons" on account of their big

Many a man who marries to find a mate, discovers that he has acquired a captain and

pilot all rolled into one Now that England has succeeded in floating a loan of a billion dollars they will probably

arrange to float some more battleships. Now they are saying that Hi Johnson is the entire Progressive party in California: Sort of a Hi, low, Jack and the same,

According to the meat packers, "let the people pay the freight" is going to come true if the f. C. C. grants the advance. But that's not news.

That shortage of coal in Belgium is one thing they can't blame on the Germans. They didn't use that kind of fuel for their fires in Belgium.

The panicky news of America's approaching hard times and general collapse continues to pour in. Kansas announces a record-breaking what crep.

The fact that commuters using 50 and 100 trip books will be the heaviest losers from the increased fares suggests that the "long and short haul" hisa has gone on a spres.

If there is any truth in the incredible rumor that the foodstuff magnates have decided on a reduction in food prices, then we may have

# WILL POWER IS THE MEASURE OF THE MAN AND THE SECRET OF ALL SUCCESS

Many Great Inventors Failed of Fame and Wealth Because of Weakness of Will-Our Civilization Might Have Been Reached More Than 2000 Years Ago if the Scientists of Alexandria Had Possessed Persistent Wills.

By JOSEPH H. ODELL

I perfected his telephone, Daniel Drawbridge, of Milltown, Pa., constructed an electrical instrument by which the human voice could be heard through a wire, but he lacked the persistence of will to push the invention into general use. John Flich, a clever but erratic man, anticipated Fulton's steamboat by many years. He built and ran several steam-propelled ships with a fair degree of success, enough to warrant continued effort. Falling to arouse enthusiasm in Amerlea he went to France in the hope of finding appreciation. There he was disappointed also. He filed his plans and specifications with the American Consul in Paris and returned home. Some time later these documents were lent to Robert Fulton and he carried the idea to a practical conclusion. Fitch struggled for a little while against discouragement and neglect, and then, losing faith in himself, he committed suicide in 1798. Nine years later, Fulton returned to America from France, made his successful experiment with the Clermont and won the rewards and honors that might have gone to Fitch if he had possessed a stronger and, stendier will.

These instances carry us back across the centuries and make us ask whether it was not a lack of the same volitional quality that caused so many valuable discoveries of ancient times to fail of being put to use. For there was a period of inventive skill in which men discovered the bearings of the many great forces of nature, but they failed to apply them, or rather they failed to persist in applying them. There was a phenomenal awakening of the mind about 300 years before the Christian era, but the mind is powerless without the exercise of the will. During the century following the death of Alexander the Great men had the ability and the means to create a modern civilization, but they lacked the purpose, About 300 C. Euclid wrote "The Elements of Geometry." Nicetus of Syracuse taught that not only did the world move, but that it revolved upon its axis-an opinon quoted by Cicero. Eratosphenes believed the earth to be round and actually computed its circumference to be 30,000 miles-not so very far out. Aristarchus of Alexandria-a city which then had a university of 14,000 students and a public library of 700,000 volumes-measured solar and lunar distances by means of angles just as we do today. Hipparchus discovered the precession of the equinoxes, invented the planisphere and applied spherical trigonometry to the solution of astronomical problems. Ctesibus laid the foundation of hydro-mechanics and devised a number of hydraulic and pneumatic machines-the siphon, the hand fire-engine and the force pump being the most notable. His pupil, Hero, actually invented a steam engine, a sort of steam turbine without piston or cylinder. This was about 200 B. C., and the discovery was forgotten for more than 20 centuries. This same Hero also developed a hot-air engine which he used to open and close the doors of a temple and which the people naturally thought to be a miracle. Archimedes founded the science of hydrostatics, worked out the idea of specific gravity, invented the screw pump, the endless screw, a huge crane for lifting ships out of the water and various hydraulic and compressed air machines.

Individual development as well as world progress can be measured by the volume of will-power that is exerted. Take the first thousand men you meet on the street and set them in a line. Study them. Apply any and every test you know. What differentiates them one from another? Some win your respect, some your admiration, some your pity and some your scorn and blame. Some are successful, others are failures. A few have grasped almost everything that was within reach, many have missed every advantage and have nothing to show but a record of defeat and humiliation. What is the unmistakable feature that distinguishes them and grades them? It is not physical. Some of those at the top are frail and fragile creatures, who make a hearty meal from a cup of clear soup and the wing of a chicken; some at the bottom work in trenches all day long, are perfect giants and have never known an allment in their lives.

Neither is mental equipment the chief mark. There are men, branded unmistakably as failures, and yet they have not forgotten the mathematics, the Latin and Greek. the history and economics they learned in

VEARS before Alexander Graham Bell | college. Living side by side with them and towering high above them in effectiveness and value to the world are men who have scarcely read a serious book, who could hardly pass a sixth grade examination and yet they are prominent in business, in society and in civic leadership. And, strange as it may seem, it is not goo ness that makes the distinction-not conventional goodness, at any rate. There are men of undoubted plety, immaculate in their private lives and generous in their sympathies who are utterly conspicuous because forceless. Even their indubitable personal goodness fails to add anything to the common stock of human virtues. Others, with no pretensions to saintliness, but with a certain amount of rough-andready current honesty, are nevertheless doing things that make the world a more livable place and are putting tens or hun-

dreds of thousands under obligation to them,

in this world is the amount of will power that is developed and utilized. The will is the one decisive, effective and executive element in human character. The measure of the will is the extent . . personality. Whether for good or ill, for building up or tearing down, for a day or for a century, in a back yard or over a continent, it is the strength of the will that counts. In the last analysis it is the will that decides whether a man born on a farm shall be a farmer or a financier; whether a child born in a city slum shall be a tramp or a captain of industry; whether a life that began in disability or in affluence shall end in a palace or a poorhouse. When Bernard Palissy reached the age of 32 he had accomplished nothing of note, but was earning a competent living for himself and family by making church windows and acting as a land surveyor. One day he saw an exquisitely enameled Italian vase, and the vision stirred his ambition The art of enameling had been forgotten: his own country, France, was producing nothing in that line. Palissy determined that he would learn how to enamel and make vases as beautiful as the one he had seen. He believed he could; he said he would, or die in the attempt. Here is his story as he wrote it himself:

"If I find out the secrets of pottery, my wife and children will live in plenty. \* \* \* I had no means of learning the art in any shop. I began to search for enamels without knowing of what they were composed, as a man gropes his way in the dark. I pounded all the materials I could think of. I bought a quantity of earthern pots and, breaking them to pieces, I covered them with the substances I had ground, making a note of the drugs I used in each; then having built a furnace, I put these pieces to bake, to see if my drugs would give any color. When I had spent several years in these attempts there was found one of the samples which became melted in four hours, which gave me such joy that I thought I had then discovered the perfection of white enamel. \* \* \* My wood having run short, I was obliged to burn the stakes from my garden fence which. being consumed, I had to burn the tables and boards of my house in order to melt my composition. I was in such angulsh as I cannot describe, for I was exhausted with the work and the heat of the furnace. It was then a month since I had a dry shirt on. Then my neighbors laughed at me and reported about town that I had burned my tables and flooring boards, and by such means caused me to lose my credit and pass for a fool. Others said that I sought to coin false money, an evil report that made me shake in my shoes. I was in debt in several places. \* \* \* No person helped me; on the contrary they laughed at me, saying,

'Serve him right to die of hunger.' Just when he was on the point of success. his furnace exploded and flawed his work. The neighbors and creditors wanted to buy the blemished pottery, but though his wife was in rags and he himself nearly died with exhaustion, he refused to sell the blemlahed vases because they would reflect on his ability and fame. He rebuilt his furnace, while people called him a madman. At length, after many frightful years, success really came. Palissy pottery was bought up at any price, none too high for his exquisite handlwork. Nobles and kings came to watch him at work; wealth, honor and fame were now his. In the Louvre Museum, Paris, one large room is entirely filled with Palissy ware. His life is the story of how a strong will can triumph over all obstacles and win against any odds.

## CURIOSITY SHOP

In other days Moslems had an aversion to photographs, but now the feeling is dis-appearing from Turkey even to the extent of printing the likeness of the Suitan. Pictures of the reigning sovereign have at present an immense vogue in the orthodox Near East, and are very popular in the Turkish regi-

Bables are carried on, or rather in, long ptillows by the peasant women in Hungary, A babe is laid on the pillow, the end is lapped over and is usually long enough to come up to the infant's chin. A string is then tied around the pillow, holding it close about the youngster, thus making a snug and comfortable little bed.

"Hip! Hip! Hurrah!" our modern "Hip! Hip! Hurrah!" our modern yell of delight, is said to have an ancient origin. The word "hip" is supposed to be composed of the initial letters of the Latin phrase, "Hierosolyma est perdita," meaning Jerusalem is destroyed," the "j" in "hip" being substituted for the "e" in "est." When the German knights were persecuting Jews in the Middle Ages they are said to have run shouting "Hip, hip." as much as to say Jerushouting "Hip." hip." as much as to say Jerushouting "Hip. hip." as much as the say Jerushouting "Hip. hip." as the say Jerushouting "Hip. hip." as much as the say Jerushouting "Hip. hip." as the say Jerushouting "Hip. hip." shouting "Hip, hip," as much as to say Jerusalem is destroyed. Hurrah is said to be from the Slavonic "hu-raj," meaning to Paradise. Hence "hip, hip, hurrah" would mean "Jerusalem is lost, we are on the way to Paradise."

Walter Deimar, of Pittsburgh, who asked a newspaper to find him a wife, saying that he had a good digestion, received a letter from a girl asking him to call. When he arrived at the house he was surrounded by 2s girls, all of them residents of the big hoarding house. Every one of them had a sample of her cooking, which Deimar was obliged to eat.

The oldest investment on earth is the real The oldest investment on earth is the real estate mortgage. In aucient Habylon 1100 years B. C., in the reign of Khammuragas, mency was loaned on mortgage, while the sreat Rabylonian banking house of the Egibi family, founded about 800 B. C., invested large sums in mortgages on both farm and city property. Mortgages were recorded on bricks, preserved in the contemporary asfe deposit vaults—great earth-eware jara buried in the earth-end dug up in our own day.

#### HUM OF HUMAN CITIES Since 1997 the number of American cities

that provide equipped and supervised play and recreation centres has increased from 40 to 348, the Recreation Survey of Spring-40 to 348, the Recreation Survey of Spring-field finds. The number of play leaders and supervisors employed in these cities is 6318. The figures showing the growth of the playground idea are indeed gratifying, says the Chicago Tribune. The results which these playgrounds achieve, being largely of a preventive nature, cannot be measured with sufficient adequacy. We hear about the boy or girl who is brought to the Juvenils Court charged with a breach of law and order. But we do not hear and we have no way of estimating the number of boys and girls that have been kept from going to the bad by the influence of these play and recreation centres.

and girls that have been kept from going to the bad by the influence of these play and recreation centres.

There is much work ahead for the play-ground movement, however, if it is to become an even more vital institution. Thus far the playgrounds seem to have been competing with the agencies that provide unwholescene amusement to boys and girls more negatively than positively. It is possible that the growth of play centres has prevented many poortooms of the undesirable character from springing up. But the play centres should not be satisfied with that. They should make themselves so attractive and interesting as to lure many of the boys who now seek amusement in pool Joints. One way to accomplish this is to make the play at these centres virils enough to appeal not only to the boy who is moderate and tractable, but also to the lad who is more or less of a roughneck. It is this class of boys that stands in greatest need of saving. Efferinate play surrounded by much red tape will not get their patronsge.

## CRISES IN GREAT LIVES

June 17, 1789, the French Revolution had inst begun to brew. On that day the Third Estate led by a cool, silem, thin-lipped abba, declared themselves the National Assembly. There sat among them a man without influence and with only the doubtful notoriety of a pair of slanderous lawnuits. He was ugly, hideous with pock-marks, a livid green face fat domineering, swaggering. His name was Mirabeau—Honora Gahriel Riquelti. Comite de Mirabeau.

command, through a trusted and dignified soldier, that the States General must leave their convention place—the Tennis Couris, as they were called. In a heavy voice the soldier, Marquis de Dreux-Brezs, delivered the message. The long habit of obedience began to prevail over the newly formed independence of mind. The deputies, stready far gone in fear of the king and his counselors, were wavering. There was for a short time a dead silence as each deputy looked to his fellow to start, either to go or to brave the authority of France. Liberty seemed to tremble at the Tennis Couris.

Then suddenly, amid the hesitating crowd, there rose the huge, overbearing figure of Mirabeau. His great head was thrown back, his black eyes shone with a terrible blaze of fire as his deep voice cried out his defance: Tre as his deep voice cried out his defiance:
"Tell your master that nothing but force
thall remove us from this hall, and that we

shall yield to no authority but that of A shout of applause went up and in that moment Mirabeau was made master of the convention. The marquis went back to the king and reported that the convention would

not go.
"Ah!" Let them stay," said the monarch
weakly. And they did, led by the one man
who could drive royalty itself before him
when his career and his right were at stake.

#### VIEWS OF READERS ON TIMELY TOPICS

Contributions That Reflect Public Opinion on Subjects Important to City, State and Nation.

That which makes the final classification To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir-I am not in the widely traveled position of H. L. Ames, who writes you that the telephone service in this city is the worst in six American cities he has known. I have had less experience, but I had to come to Philadelphia to be treated to the prime example of telephonic outrage, insult and exasperation. It happens this way. I call Walnut 65432, for example. Through the corridors of time I hear Walnut 15-132 echoing onward. Every operator is made conscious of my deep desire to chat with Walnut 65-132. Every operator, I judge, does her best to lot me chat. There is a buzzing, an ear-racking crackling, then a profound, an eminous silence. I listen. The answer is silence. And then five minutes later. I am wakened from my sweet alumber by a lovely far-off voice, which says: "Special operator, what number did you call, please?" Having by that time forgotten the number, missed my train, and lost all desire to speak coherently to any one, I answer in what. I fear, is no proper ione, and go away, leaving the receiver off the hook. Nasty, but a man must have some revenge! GEORGE KING. Philadelphia, November 22.

THE VARES, SQUARE DEAL LEADERS

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:
Sir-"McNichol is planning to get the upper hand at this session of the Legislature in order to be in a position to relegate the Vares to ward leaders in the mayorally fight." I quote from the Eventual Ledger of today's date and ad-dresss you for the privilege of saying, IT CAN'T BE DONE. Simply because we who enroll under the Vare leadership are a host too large to crowd into any single ward in Phila-delphia, or into several wards, since we are not "phantom voters" nor transient citizens from tenderloin rookeries, but sound and staunch, square-deal Republicans, rock-ribbed citizens square-deal Republicans, rock-noned chirens from every ward in the city, who proudly rally round the standard of our square-deal leaders, the Vare brothers, to declare our independence of boss rule and to fight against being Tammanyized through the treachery of the "tenderion boss."

CITIZEN.

#### PEOPLE WANT PUBLICITY

Philadelphia, November 22.

To the Editor of the Buening Ledger: Sir-The people want the truth about "Twi-"ight Sleep," about the purity of food products, and about all announcements by reputable scientists and disreputable quacks which have relation to health and hygiene. The more publicity given to these subjects the better for th public. DAVID W. ROSS. Philadelphia, November 22.

# NATIONAL VIEWPOINT

Slowly but surely a war spirit is shaping itself in this country. Indications of it are multiplying fast, not that snything definite is threatening us, or that there is the remotest fear of our country being invaded, but that the madness of the European world is sure to manifest itself in some equally mad venture against the United tates and its guardianship of North and South America.-New Haven Journal-Courier,

A humane and enlightened Government would not at this time take offense at the action of a Belgian representative, even though that action were somewhat irritating. But the world sympathy for the most unfortunate and heroic of nations has not penetrated Mexico. Sympathy and chivalry are unknown qualities in the land of pulque,—Tacoma Tribune.

And what will those suspicious Mexicans think if our troops come away from Vera Cruz and bring that \$1,000,000 or more of cus-toms collections with them?—New York Herald.

This is now the chief difficulty in the way of uth American trade. Uncertain transour south American trace. Exchange and unfa-miliar goods could not balk trade like strin-gency in South American finance. Brazil and other countries were in difficulties when the war broke out; now their whole continent is on the verge of panic because the customary markets for its raw products have vanished.— New York Press.

It will be interesting to observe the results It will be interesting to observe the results of his enthronement in the capital as the fourth popular idol since Porfrio Diaz was knocked off his pedestal. So far luck has always been with the insurgent until he wins his fight and assumes a benevolent dictatorship; then the gods of war and public favor desert him in favor of the next coming man. Whether fate has this ironic end in store for Villa remains to be seen. But it is announced that a clush with that other possible pacifier, Emiliano Zapata, is pretty sure to be the first fruit of his arrival at the goal of his present struggle.—New York Sun.

Economists, sociologists and other students of the capital and labor question seem to agree that the present industrial unrest is due primarily to a readjustment that is going on be-neath the surface. The Colorado and Butte out-breaks are hardly, as the Radicals sometimes aver, to be taken as evidence of an increasing tendency to cettle industrial differences with guns and knives.-Indianapolis News.

## PROSPICE

The ancient and the lovely land is sawn with death; across the plain Ungarnered now the orchards stand. The Maxim nestles in the grain, the shrapnel spreads a stinging fall. Where pallid nuns the closter trod. The alreship spills her leaden hall; But—after all the battles—God.

Athwart the vineyard's ordered banks, Silent the red-rent forms rectins.

And from their stark and speechless ranks. There flows a richer, ruddler wine;

While down the lans and through the wall. The victors wriths upon the sod. Nor heed the onward bugle-call;

But-after all the bugles—God.

By night the blazing cities flare Like mushroom torches in the sky; The rocking ramparts tramble ere The sullen cannon beom reply, and shattered is the temple-spice. The vestment trampied on the clod.

And every altar black with are;
But-after all the altars-God.

And all the prizes we have won
Are buried in a deadly dust:
The things we set our hearts upon
Beneath the stricken earth are thrust;
Again the Savage groots the sum.
Again his fest, with fury shod,
Across a world in angulah run;
But—after all the angulah—God.

The grim campaign, the gun, the sword.
The quick voicane from the sea.
The bonce that reveres the word.
This ascritice, the agony—
These he our heritage and pride.
Till the last desect him the red.
And, with man's freedom purified.
We mark—belief our triumen—foot.

- Alan Statutum to the foresto Gione.

#### SCRAPPLE

Portugal

Portugal, which has recently shaken its first at Germany from a safe distance, is a small country which has made deep dents in history and geography in its time. It is not as large as the State of New York and often during its varies and career has conin history and geographic to the large as the State of New York and not as large as the State of New York and not as large as the State of New York and not as large as the state of the less than a million people. Yet it has sung bass in the concert of nations at times and has recently renewed its youth by kicking out its king, establishing a republic and joining the big European rough house.

Portugal is located on the west side of the Spanish peninsula and is a sunny, picturesque country which supports 5,000,000 with less than half of its area. Its chief products are wine, clives, fruits, onions and bull fights. Some of the implements used by the Portuguese farmers were invented by the Romans, and if a self-binder were introduced in some provinces the inhabitants would Romans, and if a self-binder were introduced in some provinces the inhabitants would climb trees for safety when they saw it com-ing. Only 20 per cent. of the Portuguese can read or write; more than half of them can sail a boat. The Portuguese sardine fleet is composed of 20,000 vessels and the Portu-

guese have been first-class navigators for 500 years.

The Portuguese first discovered the way around the Cape of Good Hope at a time when the reptiles in the southern seas were supposed to be more deadly than submarines. Four hundred years ago the Portuguese empire extended around the globe and Portuguese sallow were traveling over occase. tuguese sailors were traveling over oceans which were unsuspected by other nations. However, the Portuguese navy is not going However, the Portuguese navy is not going to make much trouble in the present wan it consists of one rickety battleship and a few gunboats, and one German war cruiser would pi the whole thing before breakfast. Portugal settled Brazil and owned it for almost 300 years. At the end of this time Brazil was so much bigger than Portugal that a dispute arose as to which country owned the other, and Portugal barely escaped with its independence. The Portuguese have always had a hard time with their kings and have started out with a republic knowing as little about self-government as a missionary does about aeropianes. But they have gotten along four years with only a few minor revolutions and

are very hopeful.

Portugal has one great city, Lisbon, celebrated for its earthquakes. It also has better roads than America, but this is almost an unnecessary statement.—George Fitch. "Roll Me One!"

years with only a few minor revolutions and

Tommy Atkins at the front Is a queer and self-willed lad-Slips away on a still-hunt, For what he wants-he wants it bad. Not a woolen mitt he seeks, Nor galoshes for his hoofs. What cares he if trenches leak?

He requires no waterproofs. Simple Tommy Atkins knows Just one thing to soothe his achin's. While the cheerful watch-fire glows, All he asks is just—"the makins."

We're just like you, Tommy A.
When our spirits 'gin to fag.
At the close of some bad day,
All we ask is just—"a scag."

Paraphrased

British and Turkish aeroplanes were flying over Egypt.
"Pyramids," exclaimed the Sphinx, venturing to speak for the first time these many

"the 20th century looks down upon Worth Trying

"Let's drop into this restaurant."
"I don't believe I care to eat anything."
"Well, come in and get a new hat for your old one, anyway."—Boston Transcript.

Solemn Warning About now begin to practice writing "1915." that you may avoid making errors the first of the year.

The Commuter's Tipperary It's a long way by trolley.
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way by trolley
When trolleys are so slow.
Good-by everybody,
Farewell wife—I know.
It's a feet in the second secon

It's 6:45 in the morning. But I've got to go! Insectivorous

Having reached the River Bug, the Ger-mans will now proceed to scratch themselves into trenches. Quite Natural

"Why are wom" o crazy over these bat-tered-up football players?"
"I suppose it is because of the innate feminine love of remnants."—Baltimore American.

Not Up to Date "The Conklins say that they came over on the Mayflower." That's nothing to boast of; she was only

a sailing ship."

Getting Back Turner, the English artist, was once at a dinner where several artists, amateurs and literary men were convened. A poet, by way of being facetious, proposed as a toast, "The Painters and Glaziers of England." The

of peing facetious, proposed as a toast, "The Painters and Glaziers of England," The toast was drunk; and Turner, after return-ing thanks for it, proposed, "Success to the Paper Stainers," and called upon the poet to Another Trial r'inancier-That is not the same tale that

you told me a few days ago.

Beggar—No, sir. But you didn't believe that one.—London Mail.

Courtesy Said a mother to her daughter, "You are very, very rude
To the rich and handsome suitor whom you "Oh, that's all right, dear mother," said her daughter, "I'm no prude.
"I married him but yesterday, why should I be polite?"

Let's Hope So Sign in Cottage Grove, Wis.:

THIS SHOP WILL BE CLOSED ON SUNDAYS IN THE HEREAFTER.

Not What He Meant The Host-It's beginning to rain; you'd better stay to dinner.
The Guest-Oh, thanks very much, but it's not bad enough for that.—Yale Record.

The Babbling Fool "You hate that man?"

What has he done to you!" Nothing. I don't even know him."
Yet you hate him."

"Why?"
"I made a fool of myself one day when he was standing by. He saw me."
"Did he laugh at you?"
"No. That's why I can't forgive him. If he had laughed I would have some revenge. I could call him names. He merely stood and looked at me—and I did make an awful ass of myself. And all the time his eyes seemed to say. I understand why that man is acting that way."
"Perhaps he did understand."
"Oh. yes. That's another reason I hata him. I hats people to understand what a I was quarreling with didn't understand. He doesn't to ihis day. We are very good friends. But that man, who merely hapfriend of mine."
"Perhaps you are afraid of him."

riend of mine."
"Perhaps you are afraid of him,"
"Yes. We never hate people we're not afraid of. We say they are delestable or immeral or what not but we know in our hearts that there are stronger than we are. And since we can't still them, we hate them. It's a froi's revenue. But it I mann't a fool.